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THE COURTSHIP.

A PASTORAL,

IN

IMITATION of Mr. GAY.

By J. W.

Omnia vincit Amor, nos et cedamus amori.

VIRGIL.

LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, near *Temple-Bar*, 1748.

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THE COURTSHIP, &c.

THE weary Sun had ta'en his Leave of Day,
And Hens and Cocks to rooſt had wing'd their way;
Each Laſs had hung her milking Pails to dry,
And *Cuddy* with his Tits went whiſtling by:

When

When *Marian* neat, with ſecret Steps ſtole out,
To th' broomy Field to met her *Colin Clout*.
The Swain was there, impatient for the Bliſs,
And met his Damſel with an eager Kiſs.

COLIN.

Ah peerleſs Wench! this Kiſs does more than pay,
For all the Suff'rings of the tedious Day;
Each ſlow-pac'd Minute linger'd in its Flight,
And tardy ſeem'd to bring on dusky Night.
I thought the Sun i'th Welkin ſheen ſtood ſtill,
And ne'er wou'd ſink behind yon weſtern Hill;
But when I heard the Bell from 'croſs the Plain,
Unuſual Glee eftſoons allay'd my Pain.

I joy'd

I joy'd to think the wiſh'd for Hour was come,
And with a merry Heart went blithſom home:
My Team ungear'd, I waſh'd my Hands and Face,
And panting haſt'ned to th' appointed Place.
Moſt Swains their Labour by their Hunger prove,
But I no Stomach had for ought but Love:
Believe me Laſs, I doat to that degree,
I left my Pottage for to come to thee.

MARIAN.

Oh *Colin!* cou'd I credit what you ſay,
I then ſhou'd ſing as blith as Birds in *May*;
But I (Oh luckleſs Wench!) can't taſte of Joy,
Whilſt Fears and Doubts do ev'ry Hope deſtroy,

Was

Was I convinc'd that thou wer't only mine,
I shou'd no more in Holes and Corners pine:
But *Friday* last I saw a doleful Sight,
Which put my silly Heart in piteous Plight.
As I ath' Window sat a winding Yarn,
I saw you stand at Farmer *Hobson*'s Barn,
There *Cic'ly*'s Dog came by, I'll swear 'tis Truth,
You patted him o'th' Head, and spit in's Mouth.
But *Colin* say! thy Love shall *Cic'ly* gain,
Cic'ly the clumsiest Dowdy of the Plain:
Her stinking Cheese, her Housewifery has shewn,
Her sluttish Tricks by ev'ry Swain are known;
Nor th' 'Squire, nor Parson will her Butter eat,
But say 't looks not like *Marian*'s, — clean and neat;

Mine

W

Mine bears the Mark of curious flourish'd Moulds,
And boasts the Hue of brightest Marygolds;
At Fair or Market it was always found,
I out-sold *Cicly* Two-pence in a Pound.
Oh *Colin!* think when thou art sick in Bed,
Will she sit up and hold thy aching Head?
Can she the healing Treacle-Posset make?
Did she e'er bring thee Ging'bread from the Wake?
Sooner the Moon shall take the Place o' th' Sun
Than she shall do for thee what I have done.

COLIN.

Prithee no more, but banish all thy Woes,
Nor let such Thoughts thy Bosom discompose;

Assure

Assure thyself I hate the Dowdy's Name,
Nor can her pois'nous Breath my Heart inflame;
Stronger than Onions is the odious Smell,
Nay, Goody *Cragg*'s herself wou'd kiss as well.
Oh *Marian!* I have smelt the Breath of Morn,
When she does first yon eastern Hills adorn;
I've smelt the with'ring Hay when newly mown,
I've smelt the Damask Rose when newly blown;
I've smelt the fragrant Breath of grazing Cows,
And that which from the Lambkin's Nostril flows;
But neither Breath of Morn, when first awake,
Nor with'ring Hay, first open'd by the Rake,
Not Damask Rose, nor balmy breathing Cows,
Nor that which from the Lambkin's Nostril flows,

Nay,

Nay, let 'em all their breathing Odours join,
They're not ſo ſweet, not half ſo ſweet as thine.
Then think, dear Wench, to Reaſon I refer,
Can I e'er *Cic'ly*'s filthy Lips prefer;
Sooner ſhall well-fed Fowls the Barn forſake,
And ſcratch for Grain in yonder fuzzy Brake;
Sooner ſhall Rooks in Corn-fields ceaſe to feed,
And fly for Food to yonder watry Mead;
Sooner ſhall Sheep from fav'rite Turnips ſtray,
And ſeek for Graſs in yonder beaten Way;
Sooner ſhall my Dog *Tray* abandon me,
Than I love *Cic'ly* and be falſe to thee.

MARIAN.

Should'ſt thou untrue to me, and faithleſs prove,
Then ſurely *Colin* I ſhou'd die for Love.
Juſt like poor * *Lucy* in the doleful Song,
Thou woud'ſt behold me breathleſs ſtrech'd along.
No Swain beſide can pleaſe poor *Marian*'s Eyes,
'Tis thee alone can give ſubſtantial Joys;
Not even *Cynthio*, tho' with Lace bedight,
Whoſe flatt'ring Tongue does ev'ry Nymph delight:
Tho' in yon Wood as I from milking came,
He met me and avow'd his ardent Flame;

* Alludes to an old Song.

To kiſs, and ſomething elſe the Youth made bold,
And ſqueez'd, and ſwore, and tempted me with Gold;
Yet I his profer'd Kindneſs did reject,
Nor ſhew'd his powder'd Locks the leaſt Reſpect.
I hate your Gentry, and your Whey-fac'd Beaux,
With Shirts like Cobwebs, and with ſilken Hoſe:
Give me my *Collin Clout* in's *Sunday* Dreſs,
With Home-ſpun Grey, and undeceiving Face.
No Help he wants to put his Garments on,
But in a Minute's Time can doff and don;
And tho' his Shirt's but hempen, ſtill 'tis white,
And he looks ſpruce altho' in homely Plight.

COLIN.

COLIN.

I ween that thee and I are of a Mind,
And ſurely for each other were deſign'd;
I hate your Gew-gaws and your ſilken Stuff,
Give me what's tight and clean, and that's enough;
I love the Thing that's plain, that's ſtrong and ſtout,
'Tis Linſey-wolſey pleaſes *Colin Clout*.
What tho' th' Squire's Daughters dreſs themſelves ſo fine,
And in their Gold and Silver Trappings ſhine;
I think my *Marian* in her tucker'd Smock
With Hoſen blue and curious whiten'd Clock,
Looks blither far, and tho' no Trinckets glitter,
Her roſy Lips, I'm ſure, are ten times ſweeter.

No

No Maid has given me or Pain or Joy,
Since firſt at thee I caſt a Lover's Eye;
'Twas at the Wake when Nymphs and Swains are ſeen,
Gameſome as Lambs on yonder flow'ry Green;
I pick'd thee out from 'mongſt the Female Band,
And thou with Bluſhes gav'ſt thy trembling Hand.
We danc'd and revell'd all the live-long Day,
And ev'ry Lad and Laſs were blith and gay:
But this I'm ſure, that 'mongſt the ruſtick Rout,
No one ſo happy was as *Colin Clout*.
Then I my witleſs Love did firſt impart;
I gave my Hand, and with it gave my Heart.
Each Swain that ſaw was envious of my Bliſs,
And *Lubberkin* wou'd fain have ſtol'n a Kiſs;

I made

I made a Blow at the preſuming Clown,
And with my gripen'd Fiſt I knock'd him down.
Next Day with heavy Heart I went to plow,
And 'ſtead of Wheat, alas! did Barley ſow.
Nothing but *Marian* run in *Colin*'s Head,
Not only when at work, but when in Bed.
One Day I went to our tall Pear-tree Top,
That I might ſome unfruitful Branches lop;
But ſo my Thoughts upon thy Image run,
I cut the very Bough I ſtood upon.
But Love, where e'er he comes, ſuch Blunders makes,
And Lovers muſt ſubmit to ſuch Miſtakes.

MARIAN.

Ah *Colin Clout!* full well thou know'ſt the way,
Poor *Marian*'s ſilly Boſom to betray;
Like any courtly Swain thy Flatt'ry flows,
But Thorns are oft conceal'd beneath the Roſe.
Perhaps all this is only to deceive me,
But yet, my much-lov'd Lad, I muſt believe thee;
If thou art falſe, then where can Truth be found,
But don't be rude,—here's Dew upon the Ground;
Nay, *Colin Clout*,—you ſqueeze me juſt to Death,
Oh bleſs me!—Why, I ſwear I'm out of Breath;
Oh! now I go,—adown, adown, adown,
Oh! dont,—Oh dear! Oh Lud! you'll—ſpoil my Gown.

Hark!

Hark! *Clodpole*'s Voice, the Lout does this way come,
Lie ſtill 'till he's gone by, then we'll go Home.

F I N I S.